

## With the First Nighters.

To what fearful abuses are the United States mails subjected. Already the dope sheets from the overworked press agents are beginning to drift westward, and as usual, many a dramatic critic grasps this stuff and publishes it. Not because it is good stuff—not because he knows anything of the performances it heralds, but because the summer is hot and ennui is contagious. But it is a shame to so deceive the public, because when the weather changes and the theater habit grows again and a new play is announced Milady says, "John, you must get tickets, I saw in the Daily Con that the performance is the best ever," and John takes a chance, then curses the paper, and goes to the next theatrical graft the same way.

Chicago's Latest Musical Comedy Success. "The Tenderfoot," is the latest imposition to be touted from sea to sea. And from the boosting it is receiving, no wonder it will succeed when it starts west. Stories and incidents, and pictures are flashed, and even The Theater gives the venture a couple of pages of guff. The fact is cited that the comedy is having a wonderful success in Chicago, with the inference that it must be good. The inference is wrong—Chicago is a jay town in more ways than one, but especially is this so regarding theatricals. I saw the jayest looking audience I ever saw in a theater at the Dearborn a few weeks ago, and watched it go crazy over the stupid antics of one Gilbert Gregory, who plays Bill Barker in "The Tenderfoot." They clapped, and yelled, and laughed at everything said and done, and apologetically, the little lady on my right whispered that the mob was a representative audience.

Richard Carle is clever. He is Prof. Zachery Pettibone, L. L. D., B. A., of St. Johnsbury, Vermont, and a traveling tutor to a bunch of girls, graciously called "Gibson," in the programme. As a matter of fact, they are probably the worst specimens ever witnessed. The professor is lamb-like, and the comedy is supposed to come in in the experiences he has among cowboys, Indians, greasers, etc., on the Texas border, where the scene is laid. The play is full of old stunts, antiquated remarks, chestnut situations and inferior music. However, there is one song, used by Pettibone and a marrow-boned chorus, that is the prettiest, catchiest thing on the stage. It is called "My Alamo Love," and after you hear it you want it. In fact no home should be without at least one copy. It is as refreshing as a change of altitude and should have a place alongside the Castoria bottle.

"The Chinese Honeymoon" is running full blast at the Illinois theater, and fortunately it will be here next winter. Seabrooke is funnier than ever, and Katie Barry as Fl Fl is worth excursions from the nearby settlements.

Ben Howard, well-known here with the Neill and Frawley companies, also has a good part in the production.

The best thing in Chicago was the Weber-Fields star company at the opera house. Their parody on Clyde Fitch's, "The Stubbornness of Geraldine," under the title of "The Stickiness of Gelatine," is one of the cleverest of their many burlesques. Willie Collier and Pete Dalley are excruciating, and Joe Weber is perfect as the Fraulein. The thing goes with a whirl and a dash and a never ceasing wit that is a world beater. Just to make the first nighters' mouth water, here is part of the programme of the Weber-Fields—but this is as near as you'll get to them unless you go east. They never come west, the snap is too certain where they are.

### "THE STICKINESS OF GELATINE,"

With the following cast of town clowns:  
Count Careless Kidney, a hungry Hungarian..... Lew M. Fields  
Lord Spillberries, an expatriated "Johnnie"..... Peter F. Dalley  
Mr. Brightun, a mode husband..... Charles A. Bigelow  
Ship's Doctor..... Tom Collins  
Steward..... Joseph Torpey  
Paprika..... V. L. Ossman  
Goulash..... Henry Six  
Buda..... F. E. Dunn  
Peeth..... F. A. Hoop

#### Of the Hungarian Band.

Gelatine Pang, a tearful young person with a gum-arabic disposition..... Fay Templeton  
Vi Bumpson, of Tombstone, Arizona..... William Collier  
Fraulein Krank, companion to Gelatine..... Joseph M. Weber  
Mrs. Brightun, who means well, but..... Louise Allen  
Stewardess..... Carrie Bowman  
Miss Lansing, of Michigan..... Ima Pratt  
Scene—Promenade Deck of S. S. "Pneumonia."  
Painted by John Young.

#### MUSIC PROGRAMME.

##### While I.

Opening Ensemble, "Gay Old Seville"..... Edgar Smith and W. T. Francis  
Song, "Yee Ho, For the Sailor's Life,"..... Edgar Smith and W. T. Francis  
Sung by John T. Kelly.  
Song and Ensemble, "The Leader of Vanity Fair"..... Robt. B. Smith and W. T. Francis  
Duet, "In Stage Land"..... Edgar Smith and W. T. Francis  
Sung by Wm. Collier and Louise Allen.  
Song, "Susie Woosle"..... Edgar Smith and John Stromberg  
Sung by Peter F. Dalley.  
Potpourri Ensemble—  
a "A Buena Senorita Am I"..... Edgar Smith and W. T. Francis  
b "Dream One Dream of Me"..... Edgar Smith, W. T. Francis and John Stromberg.  
Song—"Romeo"..... Edgar Smith and W. T. Francis  
Sung by Chas. A. Bigelow.  
Song, "Come Down, My Evenin' Star"..... Robert Smith and John Stromberg  
Sung by Lillian Russell.  
Whirl II.  
Ensemble, "Ho! for the Sea"..... R. B. Smith and W. T. Francis  
"Etiquette"..... R. B. Smith and W. T. Francis  
Sung by Peter F. Dalley.  
"I Never Loved a Man as Much as That"..... R. B. Smith and W. T. Francis  
Sung by Fay Templeton.  
Medley..... Sung by Company, accompanied by The Ossman Banjo Quartette.

Part of the conversation between Dalley and Collier, on the deck of the "Pneumonia":  
"Oh, see the pretty bass."  
"Yes, Dog's Head and White Label."  
"I don't see any lobsters tonight."  
"Oh, yes; there is one" (pointing to a woman in the audience in a red waist).  
"Where are the sardines tonight?"  
"Oh, they're all in the boxes."  
And so on with something doing every minute.

The best vaudeville entertainment ever seen in this city for the money is the one provided by Manager Myers at the Salt Palace. It is first-class in every respect, with the single exception of Hanvey and Doane, who ought to go where husky harvest hands are needed.

The Apollo comedy quartette is a cracker-jack; Dora Pelletier is a wonderful yodler, and Martin and Ridgway have a wonderfully clever act.

Miss Pelletier would do well to forget her "Ben Bolt" selection, but as a whole her performance is good.

The Palace is getting the packed houses it deserves.

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